THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Ephrael Stern is the

DAEMONIFUGE

#39

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Greetings! As I type this, it's just a day into the year 2001, so you might say this issue's new look is something of a fallout from a New Year's Resolution. On the other hand, as you're reading this in something like mid-February or even later, you could look at the general jazzing up that's taken place as a timely piece of Spring Cleaning. Or, after three years of monthly issues plus three Redeemer specials, next issue would appear to be our third birthday too. So all things considered, well, we thought it was time to give the old warhound a lick of paint. Hope you enjoy it... and far more importantly the stories it contains.

MARC GASCOIGNE

DARKBLADE

Trapped in the fortress of Yrkool, Malus Darkblade unleashes the daemon within to spare the lives of his Dark Elf brethren.

INQUISITOR

On the planet Pontificate Inquisitor Reiker and Interrogator Gravier believe they have tracked down the renegade Defay.

DAEMONIFUGE

Caught in a teleportarium beam, and only moments from death, Ephrael is granted alternate visions of her own dark future.

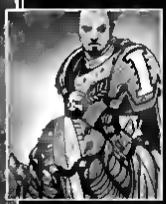
MORDHEIM

In a bid to relieve Sigmar of a trinket or ten, those foul scourges of Mordheim, Ulli and Marquand, finally turn to religion.

DISPATCHES:

Hot on the heels of this month's *Titan Book II: Vivaporius* graphic novel, Dan Abnett has just handed in the script for the opening salva of the third book of Warhammer Monthly's epic scale series Anthony Williams has already started work on the art and the series should see the light of day early this summer. *All hail the machine-god!*

Inquisitor fans will no doubt be burning heretics in celebration of the fact that their favourite series has returned, but those celebrations may be curtailed by the news that the regular *Inquisitor* artist, Simon Coleby, will be leaving the series shortly. But fear not As of Issue 42, hot newcomer Jim Brady takes over and as you can see from this page in progress the series remains in more than capable hands. Time to chuck a few more sinners on the barbie!



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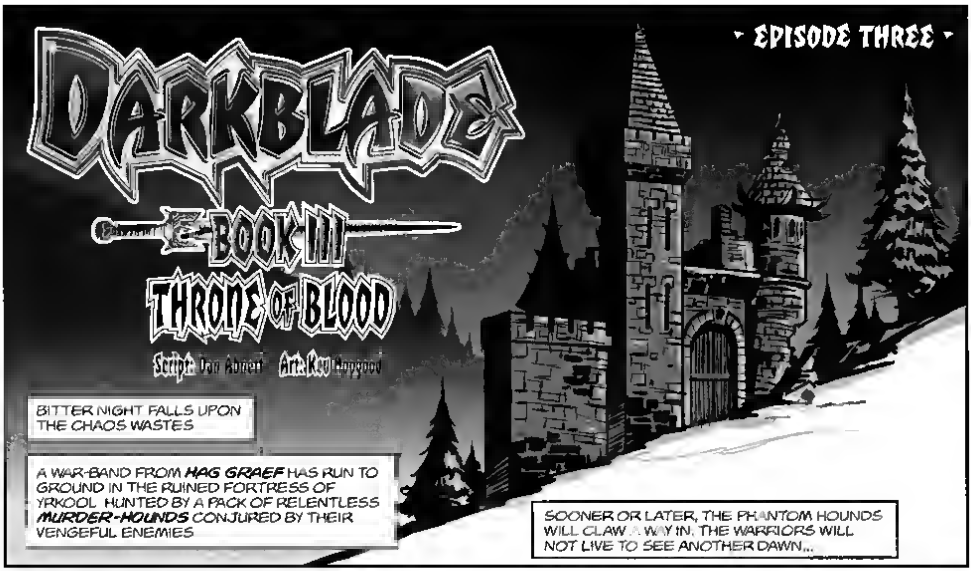

EPISODE THREE
DARKBLADE
BOOK III
THRONE OF BLOOD
Script: Jim Alexander Art: Kev Hopgood
BITTER NIGHT FALLS UPON THE CHAOS WASTES
A WAR-BAND FROM HAG GRAEF HAS RUN TO GROUND IN THE RUINED FORTRESS OF YRKOOL. HUNTED BY A PACK OF RELENTLESS MURDER-HOUNDS CONJURED BY THEIR VENGEFUL ENEMIES
SOONER OR LATER, THE PHANTOM HOUNDS WILL CLAW A WAY IN. THE WARRIORS WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAWN...

... UNLESS ONE AMONGST THEM CAN PROVIDE SALVATION.
THE MOST RECENT ADDITION TO THEIR RANKS...
MALUS DARKBLADE! MAY THE GODS WATCH YOU NOW!
WE HAVE SWORN LOYALTY TO YOU IN THIS DARK HOUR. DO NOT MAKE US REGRET THAT OATH.

YOU WILL NOT, SILAR THORNBLOOD.
NOW OPEN THE GATES, AND BAR THEM ONCE I AM OUTSIDE.

AND REMEMBER MY WARNING... DO NOT OPEN THE GATES AGAIN UNTIL DAWN COMES.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU HEAR.

NOW OPEN THE GATES!
DO AS MALUS INSTRUCTS! PULL, YOU WRETCHES!

SHHHHRRNNKKKKK!
THWMMP!
SILENCE NOW NOTHING SAVE THE SWISH OF THE NIGHT WIND IN THE BLACK FIRS.
BUT MALUS DARKBLADE HAS BEEN HARDENED BY YEARS OF STRUGGLE IN THE DIM RECESSES OF THE WORLD

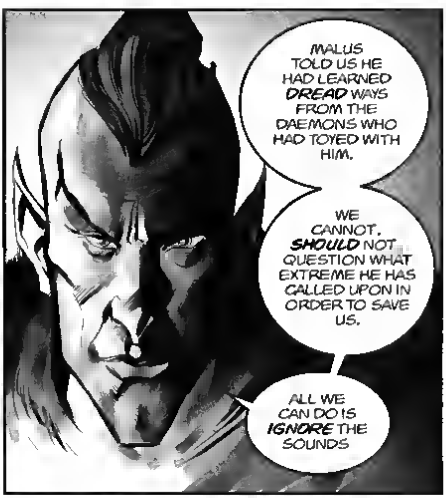
HE KNOWS WHEN HE IS NOT ALONE.
HE KNOWS WHEN HE IS IN THE PRESENCE OF EVIL.
MURDER HOUNDS! I CAN SMELL YOU! YOUR BLOOD-WET PELTS, YOUR BREATH LIKE RANCID MEAT!
WELL MET THIS NIGHT!
SHKK!
I AM DARKBLADE OF HAG GRAEF, CURSED BY DAEMONS! I WILL BE YOUR DOOM, IF YOU SO CHOOSE!
LEAVE HERE NOW, AND I WILL DRINK TO YOUR WISE DECISION WITH THIS HEADY BREW!
STAY AND FACE ME, AND I WILL TOAST YOUR DESTRUCTION WITH THIS CURSED DRAFT INSTEAD!
CHOOSE NOW! AND CHOOSE WELL!
GRRRRR....

SO BE IT.
GAH!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU...
LET IT BEGIN!
GRRROOARRRRR!!!!

"LORDS OF DARKNESS! THAT SCREAMING!"

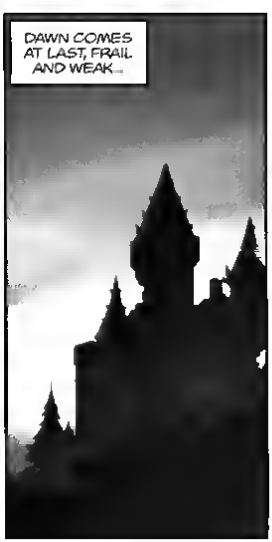
IT IS THE SOUND HELL MAKES WHEN IT DIES!
SIT DOWN, KUNOR!
BLOCK THOSE SOUNDS OUT. IT IS BETTER FOR YOUR SOUL THAT YOU DO

BUT WHAT FOUL DEED IS BEING COMMITTED OUT THERE, LORD SILAR?
EVEN THE COLD ONE STEEDS ARE SPOOKED!
IF KHAINE FAVOURS US, THEN MALUS DARKBLADE IS SAVING OUR LIVES BY DESTROYING THOSE [illegible]D HOUNDS.


MALUS TOLD US HE HAD LEARNED DREAD WAYS FROM THE DAEMONS WHO HAD TOYED WITH HIM.
WE CANNOT, SHOULD NOT QUESTION WHAT EXTREME HE HAS CALLED UPON IN ORDER TO SAVE US.
ALL WE CAN DO IS IGNORE THE SOUNDS

BUT THE SCREAMING..!
IS ONLY SCREAMING, KUNOR.
BETTER IT IS OUT THERE

...THAN IN HERE


DAWN COMES AT LAST, FRAIL AND WEAK...

MALUS? MALUS, IT IS DAWN! DO YOU LIVE YET?
BY THE LORD OF MURDER, SILAR...
I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A THING!
KHAINE'S BLOODY HAND!
IT IS DONE. IT IS OVER.
MALUS! BY THE SHROUDED GODS! MALUS!
NOW DO YOUR PART... ESCORT ME TO HAG GRAEF, VOUCH FOR ME THERE...
...LET ME BE AMONGST MY OWN KIND AGAIN...
ON MY HONOUR, THAT SHALL BE! MALUS DARKBLADE, LOST TO US AND FOUND ONCE MORE, SHALL RETURN IN HONOUR TO THE HAG!
GOOD, GOOD...
MALUS... OLD FRIEND... WHAT IN THE NAME OF KHAINE ARE YOU?
YOUR FRIEND, SILAR THORNBLOOD
BE THANKFUL FOR THAT
NEXT: RETURN TO HAG GRAEF

CLOSE SCRUTINY... THAT IS AN INQUISITOR'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AND OFFENCE. GAUGE EACH SITUATION DOWN TO THE TINIEST DETAILS, AND MAKE YOUR JUDGEMENT ACCORDINGLY. EVEN IF IT IS NOT THE MOST OBVIOUS COURSE OF ACTION.
DEFAY TAUGHT ME THAT, A LIFETIME AGO. I TRUST THE WISDOM.
AND EVEN THOUGH THE JUVE WITH THE FLAMER IS THE CLEAREST THREAT...
INQUISITOR
ASCENDANT
BOOK TWO: EPISODE TWO
...I HIT THE FREAK WITH THE LAS-PISTOLS.
HIS KNUCKLES WERE WHITE. HE WAS CLOSER TO FIRING.
THEN IT'S JUST A MATTER OF CAPITALISING ON THE ADVANTAGE.
SURPRISE FREEZES FLAME-BOY FOR JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FOLLOW THROUGH...

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT • ART: SIMON COLEBY • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

FWOOOOSH!
AA!!!!GHHH!
...AND BY THE TIME HE ACTUALLY TRIGGERS HIS WEAPON I HAVE TURNED IT AWAY AND THE GANGER WITH THE AXE TAKES IT ALL.
NO SPACE FOR A LAS-BLAST NOW NOT POINT-BLANK AGAINST A MAN WITH TANKS OF PROMETHIUM FUEL STRAPPED TO HIS BACK.
I LOSE THE LAS-PISTOL.
...AND USE MY FREED HAND TO DELIVER THE ALTERNATIVE.
SNUKKG!
JUST LIKE DEFAY TAUGHT ME
GRAVIER YOU ARE A FORMIDABLE MAN, YES?

I DO WHAT I DO, INQUISITOR REIKER BUT I APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT.
IT WASN'T A COMPLIMENT. IT WAS AN OBSERVATION.
NOW, LET US TRY THE HATCH.
INQUISITOR REIKER. MY NEW MASTER. LEADING ME ON A QUEST TO ROOT OUT MY OLD MENTOR. DEFAY.
I KNOW DEFAY IS INNOCENT. BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THIS. I AM A SERVANT OF THE IMPERIUM, AND I DO AS I AM BIDDEN.
INDEED. BUT WHICH ONE?
ONE WAS GUARDED BY MURDEROUS JUVES HIRED FROM THE UNDERHIVE'S GANGS. ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, YES?
OF COURSE. THE UNDEFENDED DOOR. THE ONE WE WERE MEANT TO OVERLOOK.
GOOD. YOU'RE LEARNING, GRAVIER.
I TRY, INQUISITOR.
I WANT TO TELL HIM THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN TEACH ME. BUT I BITE MY TONGUE. REIKER IS ONE OF THE MOST INFAMOUS AND RUTHLESS INQUISITORS IN THIS SEGMENTUM.

LIKE IT OR NOT, HE IS MY MENTOR NOW
WE ENTER A LOW COMPANIONWAY WHERE MALFUNCTIONING AIR SCRUBBERS WHINE AND COUGH AS THEY STRUGGLE TO CIRCULATE THE STALE AIR
THIS WORLD, PONTIFICATE, IS AS OLD AS THE IMPERIUM
ITS HIVE STRUCTURES PREDATE EVEN THE GREAT CRUSADES OF OUR BELOVED EMPEROR
WE ARE HERE BRAVING ITS TRIBAL UNDER-BURROWS BECAUSE THIS IS THE LAST PLACE DEFAY WAS SEEN
AH, YOU FEEL IT, GRAVIER? YES?
NO, SIR.
INDEED IT MUST BE WOEFUL TO BE TRAPPED IN A BLUNT, ENCLOSED UNIVERSE
BUT YOU FEEL THE SIGNS. THE COPPERY TANG IN THE AIR, THE SCENT OF OZONE, THE BLOOD THAT BURSTS FROM THE TISSUE OF YOUR SINUSES
AH. I FORGET YOU ARE BLUNT. MY MIND IS SHARP. I CAN TASTE IT. THE SMOULDERING MIND OF A PSYKER NEARBY.
IT IS MY LOSS TO LACK YOUR GIFTS, INQUISITOR.
SO... CAN YOU READ MY THOUGHTS INQUISITOR? WHAT AM I THINKING?
DEFAY IS INNOCENT. DEFAY IS INNOCENT.

NO.
NO, I CAN'T.
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND HERE, MASTER?
DEFAY CAME HERE, SEEKING HELP FROM THE BLACK-MARKET PSYKER *WE* NOW HUNT.
I THINK WE'LL FIND ANSWERS. AND FROM THAT, WE WILL FIND THE *TRUTH*.
THE TRUTH IS ALL I *EVER* SEEK.
IT MUST BE SO *EMPOWERING* TO FEEL THAT CERTAIN.
WE ARE CLOSE.
TO THE TRUTH?
TO THE MIND I SENSE. AND SO, I SUPPOSE, THE TRUTH TOO.
IS *THIS* YOUR IDEA OF THE TRUTH, INQUISITOR?
BEWARE, GRAVIER! THE FOE LAUNCHES *BEASTS* AGAINST US!

KRA-KOW!
FAAASSHH!
SO YOU CAN LOOK AFTER *YOURSELF*, HEH?
PERHAPS
THERE IS A *MOCKING* TONE IN YOU, GRAVIER. A TONE YOU WOULD BE WELL TO *LOSE* IF WE ARE TO CONTINUE TO WORK TOGETHER YES?

WAS THAT A THREAT? DOES THE MASTER NOW THREATEN HIS PUPIL?
YOU ARE NO PUPIL OF MINE. YOU HAVE NO WILL TO LEARN FROM ME.
HAVE A CARE, BRASH YOUTH. DO NOT MAKE ME TURN MY GAZE UPON YOU.
DO AS YOU WILL. I HAVE NO STOMACH FOR THIS
I HAVE N-
THRONE OF EARTH!
M-MASTER? LORD DEFAY? IT IS I, GRAVIER!
BE WATCHFUL, BOY!
ENOUGH WITH YOUR CHIDINGS, REIKER!
THEN DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU...
DEFAY! IT'S ME, YOUR-
GOD-EMPEROR, NO!
HSSSSSSSSSSSS!
NEXT: OUT-PSYKED!

DAEMONIFUGE
THE LORD of DAMNATION

Script: Gordon Rennie ✦ Art: Karl Richardson

Chapter Five

A MOMENT AGO SHE WAS ON A SHIP PREPARING TO FACE HER ACCUSERS ON THE PLANET BELOW.

SHE REMEMBERS STEPPING INTO THE AURA OF THE TELEPORTARIUM FIELD, THAT FAMILIAR SICKENING MOMENT AS THE ENERGY FIELD WRENCHES HER THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE.

AND, AFTER THAT, ONLY *THIS-*

A VOID NOTHINGNESS

BUT STILL CONTAINING *SOMETHING FAMILIAR-*

SILAS! WHERE AM I? WHERE HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME?

NOWHERE, EPHRAEL. YOU ARE STILL IN THE TELEPORTARIUM BEAM, HELD BETWEEN ONE BRIEF FROZEN MOMENT IN TIME AND ANOTHER.

BETWEEN THE PAST AND ALL POSSIBLE FUTURES. THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU MUST CHOOSE WHICH PATH TO TAKE.

YOUR ENEMIES ARE WAITING FOR YOU ON GATHALAMOR. THEY HAVE PLANS FOR YOU. THEIR OWN VISIONS OF YOUR FUTURE.
IN SOME OF THESE FUTURES YOU DIE, SHOT DOWN IN THE AMBUSH THAT AWAITS YOU MOMENTS FROM NOW. IN THE OTHERS YOU WILL PRAY FOR DEATH, BUT IT WILL NEVER COME.
YOU ARE ALREADY WELL ON THE PATH THAT LEADS TO THESE HORRORS, EPHRAEL. GO NO FURTHER.

THE OTHER PATH IS DARK LEADING TO SO MANY STILL HIDDEN FUTURES SO MANY NEW TERRORS SO MANY SACRIFICES TO BE MADE
IT IS YOUR DESTINY, EPHRAEL
IT IS THE PATH OF THE DAEMONIFUGE

BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ALONE ON THIS PATH
ANOTHER WILL WALK WITH YOU. ALREADY HE IS SEARCHING FOR YOU.
THE BOOK, EPHRAEL. YOU MUST DELIVER IT TO THE GUARDIANS OF THE BLACK LIBRARY..
FIND THE PARIAH. HE WILL KNOW THE WAY.
SILAS!

GREY KNIGHT MARINES! WHAT BUSINESS DO THE ORDO MALLEUS HAVE HERE!?
GIDEON, BEWARE!
SHE REMEMBERS THE WARNING SHE HAS JUST BEEN GIVEN—

SO MANY SACRIFICES TO BE MADE
THIS IS WHERE THEY BEGIN.
HER ENEMIES APPROACH WARY BUT CONFIDENT. SHE IS UNARMED, AND SHE IS ONE AND THEY ARE MANY
BUT SHE HAS ONE ADVANTAGE.
SHE KNOWS THEY WANT HER ALIVE.
SHE IS A SISTER OF BATTLE REARED FROM INFANCY IN THE TRAINING CONVENTS OF THE SCHOLA PROGENIUM.
REBORN IN THE SCREAMING CAGE. INSTINCTS FURTHER REFINED BY THE HARSH SURVIVAL LESSONS LEARNED AFTER EIGHT MONTHS ISOLATION ON PARNIS.
ALL THIS, AND SOMETHING MORE—
KT-CHK
GGGHH
SHHHK
A GROWING AWARENESS OF WHO AND WHAT SHE NOW IS.
IMPRESSIVE. SUCH POWER...
BUT CAN IT BE TEMPERED TO SERVE US?
THAT IS WHAT WE ARE HERE TO JUDGE.

'ENOUGH. PSYCHICALLY SUBDUE HER. WHILE WE STILL HAVE SOME OF OUR GREY KNIGHT BODYGUARD LEFT.'
PSYCHIC TENDRILS HOLD HER
PARALYSING HER BODY. PENETRATING HER MIND.
AWAKENING SOMETHING WITHIN
RAGE BEYOND MEASURE, AMPLIFYING THE POWER OF THE ENEMY'S PSYCHIC ASSAULT...
...AND ULTIMATELY SENDING IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM
THRICE BORN
LIVING WEAPON AGAINST CHAOS
DAEMONIFUGE.
TO BE CONTINUED

Mordheim – City of the Damned

10: Sisters in Arms

Script – Gordon Rennie • Art – Paul Jeacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson

SIGMAR'S ROCK, IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF THE SISTERS OF SIGMAR WHERE ONE OF THE CULT'S MOST SACRED RITES IS BEING HELD
SIGMAR'S BLESSINGS ON YOU ALL MY SISTERS. SISTER SIEGFRIEDA SISTER HELGA. BRING FORTH THE SACRED RELICS
SISTERS...?

THIEVES! DEFILERS! STOP THEM!
THE DISGUISES WERE A BOLD IDEA, SISTER SIEGFRIEDA. BUT HOW DO WE GET BACK OUT AGAIN...?
GETAWAYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, SISTER HELGA.
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS ON THAT SCORE, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP!
WITH ALL EXITS UNDER GUARD, MARQUAND SOON REALISES THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY LEFT OFF THE ISLAND FORTRESS.

OH NO, MARQUAND. NO. NO. NO.
HAVE FAITH, ULLI...
WE'RE BRIDES OF SIGMAR. REMEMBER AND IS IT NOT WRITTEN THAT SIGMAR ALWAYS WATCHES OVER HIS OWN...?
PLOOSH
WE MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING HERE, ULLI! IF WE COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PASS OURSELVES OFF AS DWARFS, THEN I KNOW HOW WE COULD MAKE OURSELVES A FEW CROWNS...
THE END

The Sisters of Sigmar

Sister Regina advanced toward the abomination, gripping her sigmarite warhammer tightly as she prepared to strike. The fiend lashed a sinuous tentacle at her as she cautiously approached, but without even looking down, Regina gracefully side-stepped the appendage and regained her attack posture. Once again the beast struck out at her, this time aiming a mocking blow with his flexible organ at her battle-scarred face. Regina reacted swiftly and parried the lethal jab with the shaft of her warhammer, but, misjudging the force of the blow, lost her balance and span ungorously – leaving her unarmoured back exposed to the abomination's next attack. Without pausing for thought, the beast lunged, aiming both tentacles at the sister's vulnerable rear. Regina, sensing the imminent assault, raised her weapon and closed her useless, blind eyes. Drawing deep on her powers of second sight she spun like a dervish, aiming her strike at where she estimated the mutant's head to be. The satisfying crack of disintegrating bone rang out around the courtyard signifying to Regina that the abomination would no longer be troubling her. The augur removed her warhammer from the fiend's temple with a pop as the air rushed in to fill the cavity that she had rent in its skull. Swiftly searching the mutant's corpse, Regina stowed the meagre offerings of Wyrdstone she found there in her flowing white robes – before venturing once more into the City of the Damned to continue Sigmar's righteous work.

For centuries the nobility of the Empire has sent its wayward or troublesome daughters to the Holy Convent of the Order of Merciful Sisters of Sigmar in Mordheim to be initiated into the only order of priestesses dedicated to the Empire's patron god. The Sisters of Sigmar, as they are commonly called, have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor, tending to the needs of orphans, curing the diseased and mending broken bodies. As well as the healing arts, which they practise with expert knowledge of herb-lore and prayer, their advice is frequently sought by those about to make an important decision, for the Sisters of Sigmar are famed for their ability to predict the fickle course of fate.

Though once much loved by the common people, the Sisters have seen their popularity wane in recent years. Rabble-rousing Witch Hunters have denounced them as witches and heretics, so that even in the countryside they are attacked and driven away by the very peasants they seek to help. Many of Sigmar's priests wish to disband the order altogether,

claiming that women have no right to teach the holy word of Sigmar. Even the Grand Theogonist, ostensibly the chief authority over the order, has cooled towards the sisterhood, denying the throne to Magritta of Marienburg who was brought up by the Sisters and said to be sympathetic to their cause. These days the Sisters of Sigmar have retreated to their convent situated high on the craggy island of Sigmar's Rock in the river Stir in Mordheim.

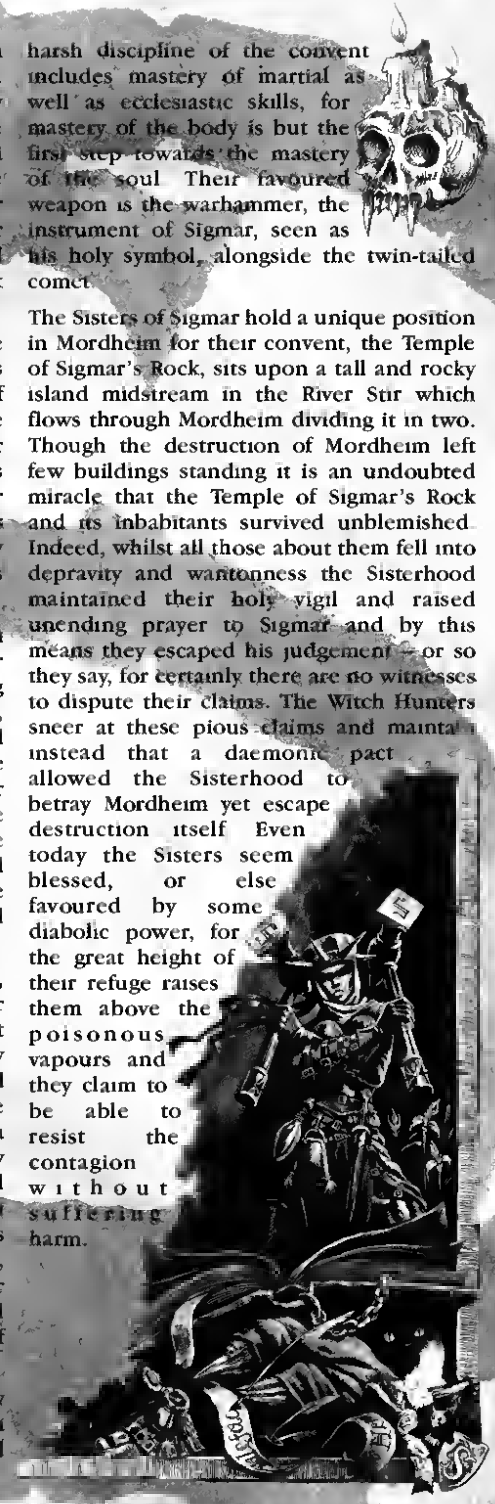
Of all the inhabitants of Mordheim only the Sisters of Sigmar were prepared for its destruction. Sceress Cassandora foretold of the disaster and at their nightly vigil the maidens of Sigmar heard the voice of Sigmar speaking in their dreaming minds. Thus they knew that they would be safe in their fortress high above the city, raised as it is above the polluted vapours, if only they were prepared to survive the fire of Sigmar's Fury.

While the rest of Mordheim fell under a spell of madness the Sisters of Sigmar offered prayer after prayer, scourging themselves to drive out all thoughts of sin, fervently accepting a punishing penitential regime to harden their minds against the wantonness running rampant outside their walls. When the blow finally came the Sisters gathered beneath the great temple dome of their convent which, well built and fortified as it was by the prayers of the Sisters, protected them from the fire and heat of their master's ire.

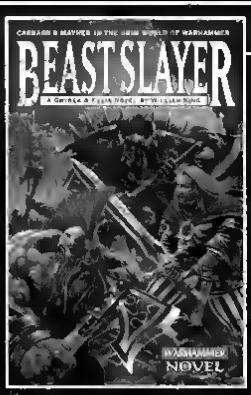
The Sisters believe they have a holy mission, a task that they have been set by Sigmar himself and to which they must submit themselves body and soul. Their sacred duty is to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar's Rock in the vaults of their convent where, shielded by a great depth of solid granite and guarded by the eternal prayers of the sisterhood, it will cause no harm to Sigmar's people. It is a nigh hopeless task, for there are few Sisters and countless shards of stone. Worse still, there are many who want the stone for themselves, to take it from Mordheim and spread its contagion amongst the cities of the Empire.

The warbands of the sisterhood are led by tough Matriarchs, each accompanied by a body of warrior sisters. The training and harsh discipline of the convent includes mastery of martial as well as ecclesiastic skills, for mastery of the body is but the first step towards the mastery of the soul. Their favoured weapon is the warhammer, the instrument of Sigmar, seen as his holy symbol, alongside the twin-tailed comet.

The Sisters of Sigmar hold a unique position in Mordheim for their convent, the Temple of Sigmar's Rock, sits upon a tall and rocky island midstream in the River Stir which flows through Mordheim dividing it in two. Though the destruction of Mordheim left few buildings standing it is an undoubted miracle that the Temple of Sigmar's Rock and its inhabitants survived unblemished. Indeed, whilst all those about them fell into depravity and wantonness the Sisterhood maintained their holy vigil and raised unending prayer to Sigmar and by this means they escaped his judgement – or so they say, for certainly there are no witnesses to dispute their claims. The Witch Hunters sneer at these pious claims and maintain instead that a daemonic pact allowed the Sisterhood to betray Mordheim yet escape destruction itself. Even today the Sisters seem blessed, or else favoured by some diabolic power, for the great height of their refuge raises them above the poisonous vapours and they claim to be able to resist the contagion without suffering harm.



NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY



BEASTSLAYER

THE BLACK LIBRARY'S MOST POPULAR DEATH-DEALING DUO ARE BACK IN ACTION ONCE AGAIN AS GOTREK & FELIX RETURN FOR THEIR FIFTH ADVENTURE. A mighty army of beastmen have marched south from the Chaos wastes, their soul intention to raze the noble city of Praag to the ground and bathe in the blood of their enemies. Our two heroes, fresh from defeating the fearsome dragon Skjalandir, lead the valiant defence but will they be able to hold their ground until reinforcements arrive or will the agents of the dark powers within the city walls prove to be their downfall? Find out in the latest instalment of the popular Gotrek and Felix series from the mighty quill of William King

TITAN II: VIVAPORIUS

THE POPULAR TEAM OF DAN ABNETT, ANTHONY WILLIAMS AND ANDY LANNING REGROUP TO BRING YOU THE SECOND STUNNING BOOK OF THE TITAN SAGA. Three million Imperial guardsmen lay dead at the hands of a powerful tyranid force and the mighty god-machine, Imperious Dictatio, stands between the foul alien menace and the utter annihilation of the planet Vivaporius. Ervin Hekate leads his mighty Titan into the heart of the enemy confronting the most unlikely of friends and foes along the way. Can Dictatio stem the enemy tide before Vivaporius falls?

Available from your local Games Workshop store or comics shop

INCOMING

Bloodquest, a tale of Captain Leonatos and his companions, a fine group of Blood Angels, no? And the Leonatos model. I have managed to obtain one, and an awesome model it is too. The strip is exceedingly good, but I think that Colin MacNeil could do a better job of the artwork. Daemonifuge, Titan and Darkblade are also excellent strips. Maybe the arcane writers could create a Necron script, it's about time that Blood Angels should get to rip a few robots to bits. Or maybe a strip about a ravaging Furioso Dreadnought? Please answer my queries, and may the Emperor guide you, and may he cleanse all the heretics!

Alex Borwick – via email

It is true, Brother Borwick. Captain Leonatos and his companions are indeed a splendid group of Marines and the Leonatos model was truly a masterpiece (not that I ever managed to get my hands on one. They had all sold out before the news of their release reached me out here in the warp). Unfortunately we don't have any plans for any Necron or Dread – nought strips but the good news is that Titan will be making a welcome return to these pages as of issue 42.

Bones clash! Wars rage! Suspense kills! Tremble at our feet! Hell fire! Seek and destroy enemy ranks! Rip and tear the enemy to the bone!

Thomas May – Hackenthorpe

Erm..er..er...

Greetings, Followers of Chaos, Slaves of the Hive Mind, Champions of the Imperium... or whatever you are! I would like to mention a few things about the incredible tomes called Warhammer Monthly. Foremost,

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